

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

VOL. VII—NO 17,

SAN FRANCISCO: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 173.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY CHARLES M. CHASE.

AT SHERMAN'S BUILDING,
North East corner Clay and Montgomery streets.

TERMS FIFTY CENTS PER MONTH.

THE FIREMAN'S JOURNAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE is published every Saturday morning, and served to City Subscribers at Fifty Cents per month, payable to the Carriers. It will also be mailed for six months for \$3.00, or \$5.00 a year payable in advance.

Communications, connected with the Editorial department, to be addressed to the editor, post paid—on business to the Publishers.

Attention whatever will be paid to anonymous communications. Any person wishing articles published in the "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author.

Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates. Descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

[From the New York Leader.]

The Runner's Lament.

I was a jolly runner bold,
When runners were all hunk;
I ran to first, I fought, I swore,
And occupied a bunk.
Owl like, I slept most all the day,
And kept awake at night,
With joy I heard the clanging bells,
And saw the rising light.
My blood went tingling through my veins
My heart throbb'd with desire,
Where'er I heard the welcome cry,
"Turn out, boys! Fire! Fire! Fire!"
Quick—man the rope—the rushing tramp,
The rattling wheels—the crowd—
The hose cart bells—the trumpet shout—
The hall bell deep and loud!
Hail! bully boys, first at the fire,
Run out the leather hose;
Quick, Sykes, now take the butt,
Turn on the water, hose;
The massive ladders rise aloft,
And man them, hearts of oak—
Now wield the hook and swing the axe
With well directed stroke.

And when the fire was mostly quenched,
And smoke obscured the stars,
Some tramp, with open heart, would treat
To lager and cigars!
Then into Carter's or Ed-dy's,
We rushed amid his hi's!
To get our coffee smoking hot,
And butter cakes and pies.
These were the joys I used to share,
(On which I love to dwell),
Until that surly order came,
That rang the runners' knell.
Those *Chumps* that used to ask me drink,
Now give me the pass-by!
I know not what to do, or think,
Unless it be to die.
I tell ye, Fire Commissioners!
Your arbitrary way,
Has robbed the Fire Department
Of its glory and main stay.
Though now you swell with pomp and pride,
In all your great and showy ways,
Your power, like *Riley's Pole*, will rot,
And the boys will take you down!

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whate'er you wish to be,
Paddle your own canoe;
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave the heart and strong the arm,
You will never fail;
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view,
And towards the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From the sunny source has gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hours delay
Cheat you of your crown,
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofly state and power,
Honest face and hardy health
Are a better dowry.
But if these will not suffice,
And to reach the beacon prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of the few?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow men?
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong
In the worlds free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few?
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won:
Nothing great is lost,
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,
All you wish to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

A newly married couple from away down
East were one night lying in the bed talking
over matters and things, when a heavy thunder
storm drove the loud peals of thunder and vivid
flashes of lightning filled them with terror and
fearful apprehensions. Suddenly a tremendous crash
caused the loving pair to start as though they had
received an electric shock. Jonathan, throwing
his arm around his dear, exclaimed, "Hug up to
me, Liz, let's die like men."

A couplet is a rose bud, from which every
young bean plucks a leaf and leaves a thorn for
the husband.

CAPTURING A WHALE.

BY A BOATSTEERER.

It was a beautiful morning in June, 185—, that the barque *D—*, of N. B., was cruising for sperm whales in lat. 16 5, lon. 5. w., under easy sail. The watch on deck were employed in the various duties that formed the old saying among sailors, viz: "a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repairs."

It was four bells (anglic 6 o'clock), and the captain had just made his appearance on deck, when the man stationed at the main-top-gallant head opened his capacious mouth, and from thence proceeded the sound so welcome to a whaleman's ear:

"There she blows, there she blows, b-l-o-w-s," at regular intervals of about a second.

"Where away?" shouted the captain, as he leaped about the deck with joy, for he knew from the regularity of the spouts that it must be a sperm whale.

"Two points for'ard off the lee beam, sir," was the response from aloft.

"How far off?"

"About four miles off, sir."

"Give me my glass, steward." And in the same breath, "call all hands," said the captain, and in another minute, he was on the fore-top-sail yard with his glass leveled at the unconscious object of all the bustle. The last order was superfluous; for, at the first shout from aloft one of the crew—a rollicking, devil-may-care sort of a chap—stuck his head down the fore-castle scuttle, singing out, "tumble up there, lads, tumble up, here's sperm whales blowing the ship out of water." And tumble up they did; some half-dressed and rubbing their eyes, while others, not quite so fond of the anticipated sport, were leisurely dressing and discussing the probable chances of getting fat.

"There goes flukes," shouted the captain, as the whale slowly threw his enormous tail high in the air and disappeared in the depths of the ocean. "Back the main top-sail; get the lines in the boat; steward, hurry up your breakfast!" were the orders that followed each other in rapid succession. Then, turning to me, who was the possessor of the capacious mouth aforesaid, the captain said: "Go down, E., and get your breakfast, for I want you to fetch that fellow alongside when you come aboard, and you can't do much with an empty stomach."

Breakfast was soon dispatched, and the ship-keeper had taken his place aloft. The mate, Mr. M., was walking the deck with short, nervous steps, and casting impatient glances aloft, as if waiting for the order, "lower away."

At the expiration of one hour and twenty minutes from the time of the whale's disappearance, "there she blows," shouted the captain. "Mr. M., said he, 'the whale is off the lee beam, coming to windward slowly. Lower away now, and work carefully.'"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Mr. M.; "hoist and swing here, boys!" and before the words had fairly left his lips, he was in the stern of the boat, and I in the head; for I had the honor (?) of steering the larboard boat. "Lower away," and the boat splashed in the water. We were soon followed by the second and third mates, and all pulled off to leeward. After pulling about a mile, the mate told me to peak my oar, and look out for the whale; taking hold of the boat's warp to steady myself, I got upon the clumsy cleft, and had just got steadied upon my feet, when I saw the whale not three ship's lengths off.

I directed the mate's attention to him, when, "down to your oar, and pull ahead," said he. After pulling a few strokes amid broken exclamations from the mate, such as "My eyes, what a hump! He'll make ninety barrels if he makes a drop! Spring, my brave lads! I'll give you all my clothes and tobacco, if we get him!" etc., etc., when, suddenly, he shouted, "Stand up, E., and look out for him!" I peaked my oar, sprang to my feet, and grasping my iron firmly, stood waiting for the word. We were taking him head and head, and already his huge head was within six feet of the boat, when Mr. M., with one sweep of the steering oar, laid the boat's head off, and as the monster went wallowing by, "give it him!" he yelled, and I did with a vengeance, sending both irons to the hatches just for'ard of his hump.

"Stern all!" screamed the mate, as the wounded animal threw his ponderous flukes high in air, and brought them down with terrific force within three feet of the boat, lashing the water with perfect fury until nothing was visible, save an immense cloud of foam, interspersed with red streaks, which told how well the irons had done their work. The wounded whale now sought safety in the depths of the ocean.

"Come aft here, E.," said the mate, "and look out for the line." We changed places in the boat, and I had just got seated on the stern sheets, and with two turns round the logger-head, was trying to direct Leviathan's descent, when a hoarse voice shouted, "Don't hold on too hard, E.," and looking up I saw the captain, who had just arrived on the scene of action.

"How much line have you left?" said he.
I looked and saw it was nearly all out, and informing the captain to that effect, he threw us the end of his, and we were just bending the two lines together when the strain upon ours relaxed, which announced that our prey was coming up.

"Let go my line," said the captain, and then he pulled further ahead; but he had much better have remained, for the whale came up direct-

ly under him with one jaw on each side of the boat. The crew had barely time to jump when, shutting his jaws, he crushed the boat like an eggshell. The third mate picked up the crew and took them on board the ship, but the captain got into the second mate's boat to get satisfaction.

"Now, E.," said Mr. M., "carry me on to that fellow, and I'll soon set his chimney on fire," (when a whale spouts blood his chimney is said to be on fire). Accordingly the line was slackened, the crew took their oars and pulled up to the whale, who was rolling about but evinced no disposition to run. Mr. M. poised his lance for the blow, when the whale suddenly turned on his back, and made directly for us—presenting to our view, a delicate little jaw about nineteen feet long, and a most formidable set of grinders; in fact, a very open countenance, but one in which we did not like to look, especially in such dangerous proximity. If "distance lends enchantment to the view," how I could have appreciated the beauty of that organ of destructiveness, if it had been a little farther off.

"Stern all!" I shouted at the top of my voice, but the crew were paralyzed with fear, and not one of them moved. I began to think that "discretion was the better part of valor," and was thinking which way it was best to jump to remove temptation from the whale's path, when a movement on the part of the mate drew my attention to him. With his lance firmly grasped in his hand, Mr. M. coolly stood waiting, and when the whale got near enough, he thrust his lance with unerring aim directly down his throat.

The whale evidently did not relish this mortal blow, for, shutting his ponderous jaws with a crash, he shivered the lance-pole into countless pieces, and, as he turned away in disgust, the mate hurled the other lance up to the socket in his vitals, which brought the ruddy tide in streams from his spout-hole.

The captain now came up on the other side of the whale, and a few well-directed lances soon set him in his flurry. We slackened our lines and steered off, as he commenced taking a large circle; round and round he went, the circles diminishing as his strength decreased; lashing the water, which was dyed with his life blood, with his flukes until he reached the centre of the circle, when he slowly milled round head toward the sun, and rolled over on his side, dead.

Upon seeing this, a deafening cheer rose from twenty throats, for our hard earned prize lay before us, and hooking on to him, we towed him to the ship where we soon had him turned into oil—of which he made us one hundred and ten barrels.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

THE COUNSELLOR POSED.

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, June, 1833, between certain publishing twaddlers and tweddles, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the "Old English Gentleman"—an old English air, by the by—Tom Cooke, the composer, was subpoenaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, for the opposite side, that learned counsel rather flippantly questioned him thus:

"Now, sir, you say that two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean by that, sir?"

To this Tom promptly answered—
"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes were different."

Sir James.—"What is a musical accent?"
Cooke.—"My terms are a guinea, a lesson, sir." (A loud laugh.)

Sir James, (rather ruffled).—"Never mind your terms here, I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?"

Cooke.—"No."
Sir James.—"Can you feel it?"

Cooke.—"A musician can." (Great laughter.)
Sir James, (very angry).—"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship (Lord Denman, who was the judge that tried the cause) and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

Cooke.—"Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood.—Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on ass; but if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Reiterated shouts of laughter, by the whole court in which the bench itself joined, followed this repartee. Silence having been at length obtained, the judge, with much seeming gravity accented the chop-fallen counsel thus:

"Lord Denman.—Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James (who deep red as he naturally was to use poor Jack Reeve's own words, had become scarlet in more than name), in a great huff, said—"The witness may go down!"

And go down he did, amidst renewed laughter, in which all joined, particularly the learned brothers, except one, who didn't see any joke in the matter.

"Men are like bugs—the more brass they contain the further you can hear them. Women are like tulips—the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them."

THE AGENTS STRATAGEM.

M. Augustine Lafont was the confidential agent of a heavy banking house in Paris. Early in the spring of 1832, he set out from Paris with bills, notes, drafts, etc., to the amount of over a million of francs, for a house in Chaumont; and much secrecy had been observed in the preparations for his journey, as the kingdom was at that time infested by a secret organization of thieves, Lafont had the notes concealed in the various parts of his dress, and taking the heavy diligence as his best mode of conveyance, he set out on his mission.

Nothing worthy of note occurred to arrest Lafont's attention, until he had passed nearly through the department of the Seine and Marne, when, just at nightfall, two well-dressed gentlemen hailed the diligence, and claimed passage to Chaumont. It was already too dark for the agent to clearly distinguish the features of the new comers; but yet, from what little he could see, he at once made up his mind that their countenance were not unfamiliar to him, and having come to this conclusion, he determined to watch their movements, for a vague suspicion that they had by some means become possessed of the secret of his business, took possession of his mind.

The diligence crossed the Seine at Nogent, and there remained for the night. As soon as Lafont had opportunity to examine the countenances of the strangers at the supper table, he became satisfied that his impressions were correct, for one of the travelers, at least, he had seen in Paris on the day before his departure, and he could not but notice that they both eyed him with marked interest. After supper, the agent lighted his cigar, and walked out on to the bridge, where he remained nearly half an hour, and at the end of that time, he started back toward the inn, and just as he arrived at the door, he noticed his two traveling companions entering the stable. A feeling of curiosity prompted him to follow them, and as he came round by the stable door, he could just see the two men crouching away in an empty stall.

With a stealthy, cat-like tread, the agent crept as near as possible to the stall, and he was fortunate enough to make out the gist of their conversation.

When Lafont left the stable, he knew that the two men had left Paris for the purpose of robbing him, and that they intended to put their plan in execution as soon as the diligence should have entered the department of Upper Marne. At first the agent thought of calling upon the gendarmes, and have the two men arrested, but then the evidence might not be sufficient to warrant such proceeding, and besides, he would thereby give the secret of his mission to others, who might be equally as ready to rob him. He returned to the inn, and after considerable reflection, he determined to procure a horse and secretly pursue his journey. Having come to this conclusion he went to the driver of the diligence, and under the plea of having to remain in Nogent on special business for a day or two, he settled his fare thus far; then he went to the stable and ordered a horse to be in readiness for him by three o'clock in the morning, at the time enjoining upon the garcon the strictest secrecy with regard to his movements.

As soon as these arrangements were made, Lafont retired to his room. He, of course, knew that his secret had got wings, and even in his proposed course he was not entirely free from danger, a million of francs was a large sum, and if the two Parisian robbers had set their hearts upon its possession, he had yet some work to perform before he would be entirely free from them. After revolving the thing over in his mind for some time, a new idea struck him, and obtaining a number of useless papers, he neatly folded them in an envelope, which he strongly sealed and bound with a blue ribbon.

At three o'clock in the morning, while it was very dark, and before any one else was stirring, Lafont quietly descended from his room, and went to the stable. The garcon was easily aroused, and in a few moments the agent was on his way to Chaumont. For two hours he rode on his way; but instead of pursuing the high road to Troves, he again crossed the Seine, and kept along by the banks of the Aube. Daylight was just beginning to streak the eastern heavens, when Lafont thought he heard the sound of horses behind him, and it was not long ere he knew he was being pursued, and in ten minutes he was assured that the two robbers were after him. In a moment the agent leaped from his saddle, and seizing a heavy stone, he inflicted a severe bruise upon one of his horse's fore legs. The animal reared and plunged, but Lafont managed to hold him, and again mounting, he rode on; but the horse limped and staggered beneath the effects of the blow he had received, and in a short time the other two travelers came up.

"Ah! good morning, gentlemen," said the agent, as he reined in his lame steed, at the same time politely raising his hat. "So it seems you, too, are tired of the lumbering diligence."
"Yes," replied the foremost of the two men, "the diligence did not suit our convenience, so we took our horses."
"Are you bound to Chaumont?" asked Lafont.

"Yes—that is, probably."

"On business?"

"Yes, important business."

"That is fortunate," said Lafont with the utmost earnestness, "for you may, if you see fit,

do me a great favor. I, too, have important business at Chaumont, but I fear that without assistance I shall not be able to accomplish it. I have, gentlemen, in my possession a vast amount of valuable papers, and intended to have continued on my way in the diligence, but at Nogent I received the intelligence that there was a plan on foot to rob me. Do not start, gentlemen, for what I tell you is true. And for that reason I set off thus alone, but my horse has met with a sad mishap, and I fear that the robbers, who, I think, are yet at Nogent, may overtake me. Now, if you are going to Chaumont, perhaps you would be willing to take my package in charge and deliver it to M. Auguste at his office. Any one will tell you where it is. Then if I am overhauled, the robbers will find nothing, and of course, you will not be suspected. If you will thus accommodate me, you shall be suitably rewarded. What say you, gentlemen?"

The two exchanged significant glances during these remarks; and after a moment's consultation one of them said:

"You seem to be ready in trusting strangers, sir."

"Oh, not at all, sir," returned Lafont, with a frank smile. "I would much rather trust honest travelers than run the risk of meeting with robbers. You see just how I am situated, gentlemen, and if you will do me the favor I ask, you shall not regret it. I shall stop at Arcis, and there change horse and follow you."

"Well," said one of the men, "we will do your wish, and meet you at M. Auguste's office."

"Then I thank you most heartily," said Lafont, and as he spoke, he took a closely sealed packet from his bosom and handed it over. "In this," he said, "there are valuable papers, and I trust, you will use all discretion in their care.—Now the robbers may overhail me as given as they like."

After some further directions, as an honest, confiding manner, Lafont bade his new messengers Godspeed, and ere long they were out of sight. The agent turned his horse's head in the direction of Nogent, where he arrived in safety, and on the next morning he procured a guard, and once more took the diligence. The robbers stopped at the first convenient place to examine their prize, but their chagrin can better be imagined than described, when they found that they held only a securely bound parcel of waste paper! They knew they were suspected, and, of course, they dared not push the matter further.

M. Augustine Lafont spent a month in Chaumont; and when he returned to Paris, amidst the first object that met his eye, was a chain gang of criminals, just being sent to the galleys in Toulon, and among them, he noticed his two friends of the highway. They had attempted a very heavy robbery in the city, and had been detected.

BLACK AND WHITE.—A pretty little blonde actress at one of the boulevard theatres of Paris, exhibited a singular taste, by appearing in deep black on every occasion; from the first of January to the last of December. Desirous of knowing the cause for this eternal mourning, her intimate friend Mlle A., demanded:

"How happens it, my dear, that you are always clothed in sable, like the page of the defunct M. Marborough?"

"That is my secret."

"But one has no secrets from a sincere friend. Is it a vow?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you mourn a first love?"

"No, for—no."

"A parrot, a King Charles, a protector?"

"I detest all pets."

"What then, pray, is the virtue which you wish to exhibit?"

"It isn't a virtue."

"Well, what then?"

"The whiteness of my shoulders."

"Mon dieu!—I suspected it!"

HABITS OF GRASSHOPPERS.—A correspondent of the Colorado (Texas) Citizen, writing from Goliah, says of the grasshoppers:—"They have an especial fondness for wheat and cotton, but don't take so kindly on his way to Chaumont. For two hours he rode on his way; but instead of pursuing the high road to Troves, he again crossed the Seine, and kept along by the banks of the Aube. Daylight was just beginning to streak the eastern heavens, when Lafont thought he heard the sound of horses behind him, and it was not long ere he knew he was being pursued, and in ten minutes he was assured that the two robbers were after him. In a moment the agent leaped from his saddle, and seizing a heavy stone, he inflicted a severe bruise upon one of his horse's fore legs. The animal reared and plunged, but Lafont managed to hold him, and again mounting, he rode on; but the horse limped and staggered beneath the effects of the blow he had received, and in a short time the other two travelers came up."

A celebrated cantatrice, now starring it in Paris, lately received from a Muscovite Prince a handsome brooch in diamonds, in acknowledgment of admiration; but not wishing to accept a gift the motive of which might be misconstrued, she returned it with warm thanks. Next day she received a letter from the Prince, approving highly of her decision, but the writing in this letter had a singular gleaming appearance, and it was afterwards found that the magnate, not to be outdone in generosity, had reduced the returned diamonds to fine powder, with which he had besprinkled the wet ink and had thus ensured the acceptance of his homage.

After an earthquake was to engulf England tomorrow (said Douglas Jerrold) the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.

THE VAMPIRE'S BRIDAL.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* is responsible for the following *raconte*, which Ninon believes to be as true—as true as all French stories are.—In the Faubourg St. Honore every one is talking of the approaching marriage of the Vampire: "Who—what is the Vampire?" "The Vampire is a young Eastern prince—the finest waltzer in Europe. It is four years since a terrible adventure happened to him in London, which has invested him with a fearful and charming renown. The Prince G—, as we have said, was known as the first waltzer of the world; he could waltz every partner; he would tire out every orchestra. One night, at a fete at Almacks, a young lady, beautiful as the English can be when they are lovely, but fragile and pale, wished to waltz with him, and asked him to be her partner. This young lady was the daughter of a distinguished lord, who had recently returned from the Indies, where he had occupied a high position.

"The Prince waltzed with her; soon the other couples ceased; the Prince and Arabella alone continued. It seemed as if the Prince became possessed as he waltzed; his steps ceaselessly continued to increase their velocity, and the orchestra essayed in vain to follow.

"The young girl, her head drooping on the shoulder of the Prince, seemed in an ecstasy.—One was startled at first by her pallor and her convulsed eyes, whose pupils almost disappeared beneath her eyelids; but one was reassured in hearing her voice, weakened by the harmonious whirlwind, murmur, between her pale lips:

"'Always! Always! Faster! Always!—Faster still!'"

"Very soon she ceased to speak.

"The Prince whirled on; at all around held their breath, as if some terrible event had transpired; but they were stricken into immobility, but no one sought to stop the Prince, who waltzed on, waltzed always, carrying his partner inertly drooping, pliable as a gauze scarf in his strong arm. At last the musicians, out of breath, succumbed.

"The Prince ceased before the seat of the young lady, made her a profound bow, and released her. Arabella fell backwards on the floor.

"She was dead! During a quarter of an hour he waltzed with a corpse!

"His misery was startling. All the women dotted on him, and named him the Vampire.

"Women always love what they fear. There was not in London a single woman, not one of those charming models of the Keepsake and the Book of Beauty, who was not ready to have given him the half of her blood, if he had desired to drink it from her veins.

"The Vampire has sworn never to waltz again during his life, but all womankind were leagued to force him to break his oath. All wished to cast themselves headlong into that fantastic waltz, which was able to bring death!

"Alas! every time—before in London, and since at Paris—that he had waltzed with a lady, he had taken a sudden aversion to her, flying from her with a sort of terror, while the conquered waltzers bore ever after in the depths of their hearts, an poisoned wound.

"The Vampire, or rather the Prince, is to marry Mlle. Marcet, the daughter of a manufacturer. This young girl, modest, and of singular beauty, three months ago attended a ball at the Duchesse of S—."

"The Prince, attracted towards her, wished to engage her for a waltz.

"She refused. To-day she marries him.—Well! Ninon wishes her joy of her rotating, revolving, whirling of a husband, her top-like spinning tea-tum of a spouse. For our American taste, we prefer our better halves—that is, I believe, matrimonially inclined people do—to be more solid and reliable business men than a Vampire waltzer would be apt to prove, and sensible girls prefer to live rather than die in the embrace of their idols—that is, I should think they would.

"If one wants to see whirling humanity, let him view the Shakers' gaudings, or the Eastern spinning Dervishes. One don't usually care about employing a living curiosity as an every day companion; each to his taste, however, even if one's taste happens to be a Vampire."

AN EXPEDIENT.—One day, smiling, Mademoiselle de Hautefort showed a little letter in her hand. Behold, the king arrives! He wished to know what it contained. Still, in jest, she reacted, the king following her still more piqued. He begged her to allow him to read the letter, stretching out his hand to take it. She thrusts it to the bosom of her dress. Louis stopped short suddenly, and knew not what to do; but the queen was present and saw all the little charade. She did a daring thing, which might have resulted in the most important consequences. She seized the young girl's hand, and held them so that the king might take the letter. But Louis the Thirteenth was now in a still worse perplexity. He had recourse to an expedient, ridiculous but admirable; taking up a little pair of pincers which were at hand, removed the letter chastely and without the slightest rudeness from its delicate hiding place.

Walter Scott, when a lad at school, one day called "milk" a noun. The teacher was shocked at the answer, and wished his supposed dunce to give an example; Scott immediately quoted the verse in which it is said they bound Sampson with "milk."

A New York editor got kissed by two girls at once, the other day, by running his face (a customary practice on other occasions) between just as they were going to kiss each other.

How to POK THE QUESTION.—"Gacious!" sez I "it's now time to look after Nance."

Next day, down I went. Nance was alone and I axed her if 'quire was in. She said he wasn't. "Cause," said I, making her believe that I wanted him, "our colt has sprained his foot, and I come to see if the 'quire would lend me his mare to go to town."

She said she guessed he would. I'd better sit down and wait till the 'quire come in.

Down I set; she looked sorer strange, and my heart felt mightily queer under the edge.

"Are you going down to Betsy Miller's quilting?" after a while sez she.

"Sez I, 'reckon I would."

"Sez she, 'Suppose you'll take Patience Dodge?"

"Sez I, 'I mought, and then I moughtn't."

"Sez she, 'I heard you was going to get married."

"Sez I, 'I wouldn't wonder a bit."

"Sez I, 'maybe she'll ax you to be bridesmaid.' She riz up, she did—her face was red as a beet. 'Sez Stokes!' and she couldn't say anything more, she was so full.

"Won't you be bridesmaid, Nance?" I sez.

"No," sez she, and she burst right out.

"Well, then," sez I, "if you won't be the bridesmaid, will you be the bride?"

She looked at me—I swon, I never saw any thing so awful purty. I took right hold of her hand.

"Yes or no," sez I, 'right off."

"Yes,"

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